French Frills

NO. 2

50¢

The spice, the charm, the magic of France ...and her lovelies...!

MESDEMOISELLES

As promised, Le Mag Hot breaks the sound barrier once again, bringing you a taste of life as she is lived in La Belle France!

MESSIEURS!

Attendez s'il vous plaît, to the many delights in store for discriminating males in French Frills!

TOUT LE MONDE

WELCOME TO THE PARIS OF YOUR IMAGINATIONS, WHERE EVERY GIRL IS BEAUTIFUL & EACH MAN LIVES LIFE TO THE FULLEST!

(LES DEALERS: *ORDER FRENCH FRILLS NUMBER THREE AUJOURD'HUI !* **)**

Le Mag Hot:

French Frills

FICTION

BY LARRY MADDOCK

Danielle had but to twitch a single muscle and empires would topple throughout France!

MISTRESS MINE

SHE WAS THE MOST SEX-CITING WOMAN WE HAD EVER LOVED..!

HENRI JOURDAN WAS A man with a large sense of humor, and, I discovered, an even larger capacity for revenge. He smiled at the six of us in turn—a gentle smile, almost compassionate, but his eyes were sparkling mischievously. I had never met the man before receiving his cryptic dinner invitation, but I had heard many unflattering things about him from Danielle.

She had at one time been his wife. The marriage, she told me, had lasted exactly two weeks. Jourdan, she claimed, was impotent. After having known her for six months, I could see why Danielle would leave such a man—she needed sex as regularly as other people need food.

Among those present were Louis Gallet, the explorer; Jacques Fourier, the novelist; television director Etienne Duval; racing driver Yves Soustel; and Bertrand Phillipe, who had squandered nine-tenths of a five hundred million franc inheritance on fourteen women before he reached thirty. And of course myself, Marcel Cousteau—my only fame was in leaving film star Yvette Linard waiting at the church. I was the only man in all of France who had ever said no to the curvaceous Yvette.

"Gentlemen," Henri Jourdan began, "you are doubtless wondering why you were invited here—but I notice that you all came in spite of my rather melodramatic invitation. I brought you here in order that we might discuss a subject dear to the heart of every true Frenchman: women."

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EDITORIAL

PARIS HAS LONG BEEN regarded one of the primary centers of everything worthwhile. To some people, this means art galleries and museums, culture with a capital C; to others, it means French girls. But Paris cannot be taken in pieces — the girls go with the galleries, the wine with the wenching, and that incomparable French cuisine with every other item of Gallic culture.

There's more to life than the Can-Can, but who can deny that this frenchified square-dance gives more flounce to the ounce in *any* man's life? Accordingly, every American male can profit from borrowing a few of his Gallic cousins' techniques for appreciating life in its fullest.

This is the motive behind FRENCH FRILLS — to add some spice to *your* life by providing stimulating glimpses of the French way of doing things, and a spot or two of insight into ways and means of adding to *your* enjoyment.

Have you ever wondered *How French Girls Get That Way?* For answers, see page 8. Have you ever thought that *Every Man Should Have a Mistress?* That's a way of life enjoyed by many sophisticated Parisian males, and although it may be a little easier in France, more and more American men are making the same scene. For the "how" of it all, consult Jules Jackson's words of wisdom starting on page 36.

Of course, the Mr. and Mistress idea can be carried to extremes, as author Larry Maddock entertainingly points out in his penetrating fictional analysis of *Mistress Mine.*

And who is rapidly replacing sex-pot Brigitte Bardot in the hearts of Frenchmen of all nationalities? Milène Demongeot, of course. For a look at the reasons why, flip to pages 42 and 43.

Plus, *naturalmente,* many more features in the French fashion, designed to delight the heart of every man who wishes from time to time that he had been born in Paris, France, instead of Paris, Illinois. You're sure to enjoy every page of FRENCH FRILLS — *le magazine hot!*

— THE EDITORS

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Suzette shows Cousin Jane some helpful hints for home-makers, French-style.

By Jacques Roland

How French Girls Get That Way

"Are you sure that he'll want to watch me setting my hair?"

THE FRENCH GIRL HAS A LOT OF EXPERIENCE TO SHARE WITH HER AMERICAN COUSINS ON HOW TO BE A PERFECT WOMAN FOR THEIR LUCKY LORD AND MASTER.

VOLATILE, combustible, highly explosive, supremely skilled in all things feminine — that's the French girl who has become legend across the land, the French girl of whom millions of men have dreamed ever since finding out about the talents of that *Mademoiselle from Armentieres.*

That *Mademoiselle* and her legion of delightful daughters has entranced the American male in particular—probably because the average American female does such a lousy job of being a woman.

Let's examine for a moment the differences between these two seemingly distinct species of women, the French and the American.

First of all, the French girl is *all woman.* There is never any doubt about that. She's *female,* and *feminine,* and proud of it. She's raised that way. Despite the celebrated Gallic permissiveness in all things sexual, there is probably a smaller percentage of Lesbians in France than anywhere else on earth. Long before they can talk, French girls are *taught* to prefer the company of men.

And they are taught the many techniques involved in pleasing men. This, in effect, is the code of the French girl: Be pleasing to men.

The American girl, on the other hand, is taught from infancy that the world belongs to women — and that women are the rightful owners of everything in the land. They soon come to believe that they are inherently smarter than men, stronger than men, more socially aware than men, more necessary than men — etc. Female superiority is preached on every streetcorner, in every school, on every television situation comedy. The American male is made out to be a bumbling idiot who would probably kill himself through sheer stupidity if his wife, mother or girlfriend were not around to protect him.

Is it any wonder that girls being brought up in this sort of an atmosphere make lousy wives and even worse mistresses?

While the American girl is learning to put up with men as an almost necessary evil, the French girl is developing a healthy reverence for the male of the species. She's told in no uncertain terms that her continued existance on this planet depends upon how skillfully she can learn to please the men in her life in order to stay in their good graces.

By "the techniques involved in pleasing men" we don't mean bedroom techniques exclusively — it's the overall picture, the 24-hour-a-day techniques which make the French girl outshine her American counterparts — not just the boudoir specialties for which these Mademoiselles are noted.

The typical French girl is indoctrinated from earliest childhood with the philosophy that woman's most important role is to complement man, not to compete with him. She learns to know what he likes, and to give it to him as effortlessly ond gracefully as possible. She learns to tell him he's wonderful, to comment about his extreme good looks, to light up with excitement the minute he comes in sight. She protests that he's too good for her, that he's too talented for her, that he's too sophisticated for her. She stands in awe of his intellect. She lets him know that she knows he's always right. She actively admires his strength and his bravery, and she tells him she's the luckiest girl in the world to have interested such an excellent lover. And if she marries him, she lets him overhear her telling her friends that she has the most wonderful husband in the world. In the process, she wraps him completely around her little finger and makes him love every minute of it.

The American girl, far too often, complains that her man is *none* of these things, and endlessly voices the wish that he were. Her marriage is unsatisfactory, her boyfriend or husband is a total nothing in bed, and so she submerges herself under stacks of *True Experience, True Story, True Romance,* and the rest of the vicarious romantic tripe published in this country to fill holes in the emotional

(Continued on next page)

Created to please, women must still learn how!

lives of females who have never learned to be women.

The French girl seldom reads about romance — she's far too busy living it. And she lives it with Frenchmen, which may have some bearing upon why she's the sensational kind of doll she is.

Wait! We're not saying that all American men are sexual idiots — far from it. But, on the other side of the coin, not all of us are the Valentinos we'd like to be — and therefore our women, by and large, show up poorly when compared to those exciting *Mademoiselles from Armentieres*. Perhaps, in order to upgrade our women to what we'd like them to be, we have to take a tip or two from the Frenchmen

In France (and, ideally, anywhere), once the basic man-woman relationship is established, the man and the woman become each other's teachers in the stimulating game of love. Each man, in the process of attaining manhood, knows many women, and learns something of value from each of them. Each woman, likewise, becomes well acquainted with many men, and polishes her skill in pleasing them, until by the time she's in her mid-twenties she's the most accomplished mistress a man could ask for.

With this sort of training, marriage is a snap, for there is no situation for which she doesn't have a parallel reference, and some little experience in handling. By the same token, the man has lived intimately with enough different women to have acquired an exceedingly useful *savoir-faire* which keeps him from getting ulcers at home.

A certain civilized amount of adultery goes on, of course, but nobody gets overly concerned about it. The Frenchwoman realizes that as long as she's as competent in the arts of loving and living as her husband's mistress is (and she usually is, and usually keeps herself so, even if it means taking on occasional lovers to help her brush up on additional techniques), she'll have no trouble keeping him, as she shares with him more mutually pleasant experiences than his latest conquest even dreams of.

And everybody's happy.

In the final analysis, French girls get that way (and it's a most delightful way indeed!) because they have been trained in the twin virtues of patience and understanding, which, coupled with their conviction that women were created to

(continued on page 12)

Notice how skilled Suzette stresses each point.

be instruments of pleasure to their men, guarantee success.

Is there, you ask, any hope for the American girl? It's rather difficult to talk a woman into giving up the precious misconceptions she has believed in all her life — the female superiority kick, and the idea that all men are nothing but bumbling little boys who have to have their noses wiped from time to time — but some authorities contend that with careful brainwashing she can be improved. Some suggest that we should take our women to live in France for a year or so, in order that they could watch the system in operation. Either that, or import thousands of luscious young French girls to give on-the-spot instruction.

Come to think of it, that might be a worthwhile project for UNESCO!

The trim Suzette knows the importance of exercise.

Women, particularly French women, love to take baths. Fifi, pictured here in a stream in Southern France,

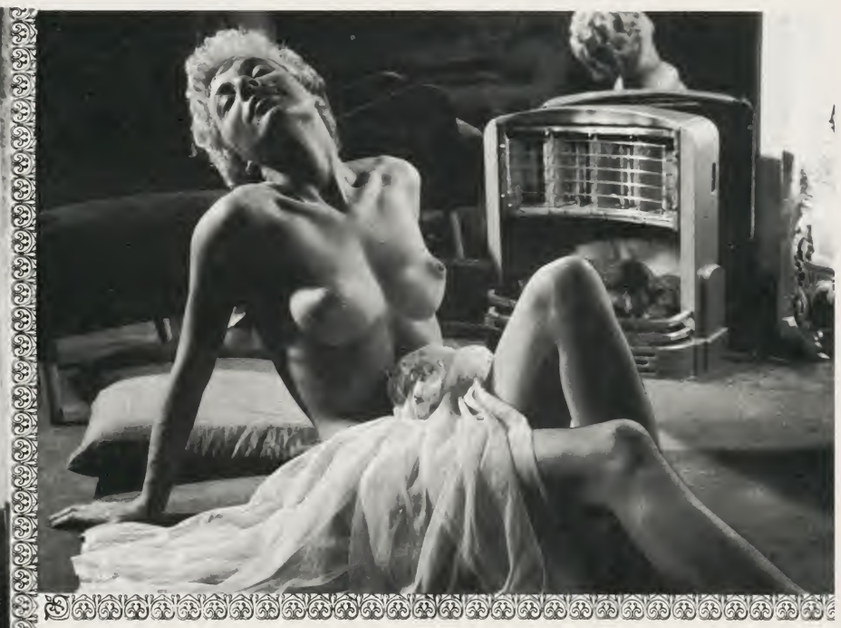
MAID IN THE GLADE

is no exception—she claims she takes three or four baths a day, and if she finds herself away from the tub for any length of time she is apt to leap into the nearest body of water, strip off her clothes, and luxuriate in the feel of the cool water against her skin. "Eet is so sexy!" she exclaims. "You should try it sometimes, Monsieur!" Splashing around is so much fun for Fifi that she would die on a hot desert. "Sometime I am so anxious to become in the water that I forget to remove the clothes first,"

she tells us. "In fact, I often take the shower with all of my clothes still on. You think I am crazy?" No, Fifi, just a little aqua-

batty. The basic difference between our Fifi, a girl from the provinces, and any French girl you might encounter in Paris is slight but significant. Fifi has never been to Paris, yet she still is French to the core, with the Gallic outlook on life and love and all the rest. The only thing lacking is a set of Parisian frills—an oversight, we assure you, which is more than

amply made up for by Fifi herself. Fortunately for Frenchmen and visiting Americans alike, Fifi does not spend all of her time in the water. As for trying Fifi's technique of bathing wherever she finds the opportunity, we'd rather not—unless, of course, it was with Fifi!



An American Guide in Paris

Yankee ingenuity makes the most of a maid from Minneapolis or an ingenue from Indianapolis.

ARTICLE BY PIERRE SABIN

EACH YEAR, boats, planes, automobiles and yak carts bring the flower of young American womanhood to the City of Lights. More than one astute American male has made the most of this situation by putting himself in a position to make most of the winsome wenches vacationing from their humdrum lives stateside. They have become guides.

Paris is a magical city, and there's something in the air which turns the reticent redhead from Roanoke into a fiery flame-topped temptress the minute she arrives, and transforms the normally icy ice-blonde from Iowa into a creature of desire during her delightful stay. The girls arrive, and like peaches on an obliging tree, present themselves for plucking.

The wise American male, if he finds himself in Paris long enough to get to know the city, will vary his nighttime menu by not only dating the local talent but by capitalizing upon the effect simply *being in Paris* has upon the vacationing girls from his own bailiwick.

French girls, with their inherent loveliness and carefully nurtured sophistication in matters of amour, are a refreshing change from the uninspired performances of the dolls in Dayton; but when you take the dolls out of Dayton and plant them in Paris, their newly awakened pleasure-potential is a delightful change from the amatory perfection of the local *mesdemoiselles*.

It has been truly written: *Variety is the spice of life!*

Another truism, if you're in the mood for eternal verities, is that too much of a good thing can get to be a drag.

What actually happens, even with the most accomplished of American males when they find themselves in Parisian surroundings, is that they are overwhelmed by the French girls' casual sophistication in things sexual — and they need the relief of teaching a girl a thing or two. And in Paris, the only girls who have anything to learn in this department are the visiting Americans!

At any rate, the best way to meet these "foreigners from America" is to have some connection, however unofficial, with the French Tourist Office, and to offer your services as a guide. You can ignore the matrons and select only the grooviest chicks as your clients, and really show them the city!

A word of caution: Generally, these girls, if not attached to an Official Tour which was organized stateside, will be traveling in a small group. Three or four is the optimum number — seldom will you find one girl alone.

You find you must accept the entire trio of travelers, so plan in advance to take care of the extra two. Of course, you don't know yet which two will turn out to be "extra," but an hour or so of guided touring should enable you to determine which of your charges you want most to take intimate charge of. The other two you turn over to a pair of your less resourceful friends — also as guides! It's every man for himself in the tourist business.

Paris at night is a romantic sight in itself, especially when viewed from atop the Eiffel Tower. There's one major disadvantage to the Eiffel Tower, however, which should figure into your plans for the evening: even a good Frenchman, when employed as a *gendarme*, does not take kindly to your doing with the doll what your natural inclinations dictate on top of the Eiffel Tower. Under the bridges of Paris, maybe, but not up there!

A far more practical place to take her to view the city's lights is your own bedroom, carefully selected for its location and romantic view. Tell her that the Tower is always far too crowded with tourists, and spirit her off to your own domain. The fact that there's a comfortable bed two feet from said window shouldn't cramp your style at all.

If your own quarters are not romantically suitable and you should choose any of the many understanding hotels in the city, acquaint yourself first with one of the more interesting legal points observed by the French. They don't care what you do there or who you sleep with, but if you register under a false name you can wake up in the Bastille!

A final advantage should be pointed out regarding the practice of guiding examples of young American feminity around the City of Lights: They're generally on a brief vacation, at the end of which they return to Dayton, so you are never troubled with clinging vines, unpleasantly over-drawn affairs or embarrassing paternity suits.

What more could a man ask? ●

MISTRESS MINE *(continued from page 5)*

There was a murmur of interest from the assemblage; to me, it seemed ironic that Jourdan wanted to talk of sex when he was reportedly incapable of participating in it. But the dinner had been excellent, so we all settled back in our chairs.

"M. Gallet," Henri smiled. "What would you consider the most necessary quality in a woman?"

"That would depend, mon ami, upon what one wished to do with her," replied the explorer.

"Then let me narrow the field. What one qualification do you look for when choosing a mistress?"

Gallet looked thoughtful, while the others smiled. A vision of Danielle flashed into my mind. She was nude, as usual when we are together, and there was mocking laughter in her eyes. But when Danielle is nude, no man looks at her eyes—not until later, when he can observe the play of passion in her face at that moment when each woman is at her most beautiful. *A figure like Danielle's*, that would have been *my* answer. *And a willingness to use it.*

"She must be an excellent cook," Gallet responded.

"Ah," observed Henri Jourdan, "I see you are a gourmet as well as an explorer. It follows—a man like you would be apt to explore the food of a region as well as its terrain. Allow me to tell you a story, M. Gallet, a story involving a man very much like yourself. We shall call him Armand, for convenience. Armand was rather well known for his exquisite taste in everything, including, of course, women and food. One day he found himself in need of a mistress, and began an earnest search. It so happened that at a cocktail party given in his honor (for he had just returned from some noteworthy victory abroad), he noticed a beautiful and seemingly unattached blonde eyeing him with more than the usual look of hero worship which he had grown accustomed to. She was in her early twenties, and had a figure which would remind one of the most challenging peaks a mountaineer could hope to scale. Please forgive the analogy, M. Gallet, but she was marvelously constructed. Armand decided that he had to have her, and sought out the host for an introduction."

Henri Jourdan paused, and allowed a mocking smile to flicker on his lips. "The introduction, of course, was not really necessary. Armand was amazed at how much this creature knew about him, and when she refused his invitation to dinner, insisting instead that he come to *her* apartment for a meal which she personally should prepare, he was delighted. The meal was marvelous—and the entire affair was a case of love at first bite. The blonde later proved that not only was she an excellent cook, but an accomplished cocotte as well, and their subsequent activities in her boudoir furnished Armand with many happy memories to take with him on his next excursion abroad—for he was a restless man like yourself, M. Gallet, who continually hungered for new sights to see and, as it were, new mountains to scale."

Gallet was looking speculatively at his host, but said nothing.

"Armand," Jourdan continued, "was convinced that he had found the perfect mistress, although she steadfastly refused to move in with him. He saw her as often as possible, and each time was more and more impressed with her cooking.

He gave her presents, of course, and a generous allowance, and introduced her to many of his friends. He grew to rely more and more upon her decisions, and because of her dislike of one man, he declined to join a certain expedition which captured the imagination of the world and brought fame and wealth to each participant. He was annoyed but unsuspecting when she was called out of town frequently—she gave him some story about an ailing grandmother—but when they were together it was wonderful. Before he left on his latest jaunt to faraway places, he set up a truly generous bank account for her, in order to insure her availability when he returned. She promised, as all women will, that she would not even look at another man while he was gone."

"And you," bridled Gallet, "are trying to tell me that she did?"

"I don't have to tell you that. Armand, of course, may have suspected, but his fears were swept away upon his return. The girl had a gourmet's delight awaiting him, and once they merged in her boudoir—this time with a hunger and an intensity which was ample testimony to their mutual deprivation over the months past. But was it?

"Let me end the story with a question: What should Armand do when he discovers that not only has he been deceived in matters of fidelity, but that his 'perfect mistress' deceived him in the kitchen, too, by hiring their meals prepared by the best caterers in all of Paris and sneaking them in behind his back? Ah, the perfidy of women!"

"Your story is pointless," Gallet retorted. "And if it were not for the excellence of your food I should leave immediately!"

Jourdan smiled and turned his attention to the novelist, Jacques Fourier. "You, Monsieur, are a bon vivant, are you not?"

"I have been described as such," Fourier replied, fitting a cigarette into a silver holder.

"Then perhaps you have a different answer to the question of what constitutes the perfect mistress?"

"I believe I should want a young woman, witty, charming, intelligent, but above all she would have to love me for myself. I search for truth in my profession, and I also insist upon it in my private life."

"Very good," approved Jourdan. "It may seem presumptuous for me, a mere journalist, to attempt to tell a story to such a renowned spinner of tales as yourself, but please indulge me."

Jourdan then told of a writer of short stories who was in search of a mistress. There were several pointed similarities to Fourier, and for a moment I thought the novelist would be offended—particularly when Jourdan implied that his allegorical hero was so impressed by his own literary success that he failed to recognize that the girl fell in love with him only after he had proved himself a celebrity.

As Jourdan put it: "Paul had seen her a year or so before at a writer's conference, and had been entranced, but at the time he was selling to strictly second-rate markets, and she paid no attention to him at all. But then, when his success was a reality, *she* sought *him* out, effusing about the power of his writing and the obvious sensitivity of the soul of the man behind it. I suppose we are all susceptible to that sort of an approach, would you not agree, M. Fourier?"

(continued on page 30)

DON'T BAN THE Can-Can

It's as American as the square dance, as much fun as the Paris that brought it fame.

(Continued on next page)

Can Can

(continued from page 21)

IN AN AGE when *Le Strip Hot Americaine* is more daring than in the United States and has been exported and carried to furtherest extremes in Paris, London and other gay capitals of Europe, it is amusing to still hear an occasional cry of protest against that wild and wonderful bit of musical comedy known as the can-can. It is interesting, too, when research into this art form is pursued, to find out that this supposedly pure French frolic, glorified by the artist Toulouse-Lautrec, had its origins in the basic steps of American square-dancing.

Of course, just as they are doing now with the once rather mild burlesque tease, the French re-interpreted what they borrowed in their unique and abandoned way.

The mental image one conjurs up when thinking of the can-can is a long line of bouncing belles flouncing their skirts high up into the air, bending over and presenting their beruffled bottoms to the audience. This, however, is only part of the fun, which, when done properly, is really as ritualized as the sedate quadrille. It differs from the quadrille, however, in that each of the six basic movements of the pattern has an element of tease designed to reveal more and more of female flesh and undies as the music gets wilder and wilder.

The sensual emphasis is as much on legs and bosoms as it is on derrieres, although the latter stands out more strikingly because it is more startling in its humor and audacity. In step one of the formal can-can, the line of full-bosomed beauties prances out, does a few simple leg movements and then in happy unison they bend their low, low decollete necklines to the audience for viewing. Then, in step two, they begin the happy, rollicking kicks of long, stockinged legs, baring inches of tantalizing white underthighs and quick, bright peeks at panties.

Step three, in which the chorus raises and holds one leg, as they form an arch and dance on the other leg, gives a longer and more lingering view of the goodies. Then comes step four — *Vive La France!* — when the chorus whirls and fluffs their gorgeous bottoms, again and again and again, while the audience screams for more.

In the good old days of Montmartre before the turn of the century, it was at this point that the dancers and the house really went wild. Step five provided an opportunity for individualism, rather than group movements, and it was in this step that the stars of the Moulin Rouge, the Folies Bergère and the Bal Bullier were born.

One by one, they would tear across the stage doing a series of acrobatics designed to show and cover, show and cover — pirouettes, splits and cartwheels — while costumes would strain, slip and tear. In those early days, there was a financial advantage that accrued to the dancers the more frenzied they got, for the audience was in the habit of flinging coins on the stage to show their appreciation.

The girls would try to outdo each other to become the favorite. They would have contests of endurance until all had dropped of exhaustion save one. They would subtly sabotage their own costumes so that crucial parts would fall away in the frenzy of their acrobatics, to the delight of the audience. Dancers occasionally became embroiled in intramural fights, ripping the clothes from each other in their jealousy of another's fame or talent.

Step six was merely an exit formation in which the survivors regrouped and pivoted and hopped off stage like a row of sprightly goosed chickens.

There came a day, however, when the city fathers were prompted to appoint one M. Desoir as guardian of the public morals, with specific instructions to oversee the can-can and keep it within certain bounds. M. Desoir tried hard, but he was soon laughed right out of office. The people of Paris loved the can-can as they loved all aspects of the good life.

Many of the dancers were initially amateurs, laundresses and working girls who got up to improvise in the night clubs of Montmartre and augment their meager earnings with the coins thrown at them by appreciative audiences. Some of these became so good that they were offered star roles in the new dance craze.

The can-can, exported from America as the square-dance, came back in its excitingly Frenchified form about the turn of the century. An American girl named Loie Fuller went to Paris in the 1890s and developed her own electrifying can-can routines, using the newly-invented electric light bulb to dramatize some of the movements and strikingly illuminate bosoms, thighs and derrieres. She called it "The Dance of Fire". But when she brought it back to Broadway, it was considered so hot it almost caused a short circuit. A few years later, another production of the more traditional can-can, minus the electrical light flashes, was still considered so daring that it was closed up not only in Puritan Boston and Brotherly Love Philadelphia, but in wickedly sophisticated New York.

With each revival after that, the can-can was watered down and watered down. It was tried in ballet, night clubs, and finally back to Broadway in a musical comedy, which became the film, Can-Can. But to all effects and purposes, the glorious, bouncy, uninhibited, wild cavortings of old Montmartre had been banisheed, leaving only a residual rump.

Don't ban the can-can, we say! Bring it back in all its glory!

● ● ●

THIS FRENZIED FROLIC PROVIDES ACTION FOR GARTERED GAMS AND RUFFLED TAIL-LACES!

Adding to our stable of willing wenches, here is FRENCH FRILLS FILLE #2. She may be an Yvonne, Juliette, or even Mimi – call her what you will, mes amis, but (in dreams, anyway) call her frequently!

FRENCH FROLICS

"Garcon, take the clock and bring me a calendar!"

"I 'm to be married next week," said the sweet young thing to the salesgirl, "and I need some silk pajamas. What colors do you think would be fitting?"

"White," responded the clerk, "if it's your first marriage. Lavender if it isn't."

The bride-to-be pondered this for a moment, then directed the girl to give her some white ones with just a bit of lavender in the design.

* * *

Big, buxom Lulubelle was not about to marry little Horace unless he proved to her how much of a man he was and that he could keep her happy. He agreed, therefore, to spend a trial weekend with her.

No sooner had they checked into a motel in a nearby town, however, than a masked stranger barged into the room, flashing a pistol. "Give me all your money and valuables," he snapped.

"Do something, Horace," cried Lulubelle. "Show me you're a man."

"I can't, honey, he's got a gun pointed at me."

When the robber had taken all their money and valuables, he took a long, slow, appreciative look at Lulu's fabulous charms, covered by the sheerest of negligees, drew an imaginary line across the far end of the room, and said to Horace, "All right, buddy, you stand behind that line. Cross it and you're a dead man."

When it was over and the bandit had gone, Lulubelle sobbed, "Horace, what kind of a man are you to stand there and watch a stranger make love to your fiance? Are you a coward?"

"Of course not," said Horace. "Every time he turned his back, I put my foot over the line."

"I think it's sixty per cent work and forty per cent fun," said Smedley.

"Seventy-five per cent work and twenty-five per cent fun," said Smythe.

"Ninety per cent work and 10 per cent fun, if you're lucky," said Smithers.

At that moment, a harassed and overworked young copywriter came into the board room with a folder crammed with ideas for the next campaign.

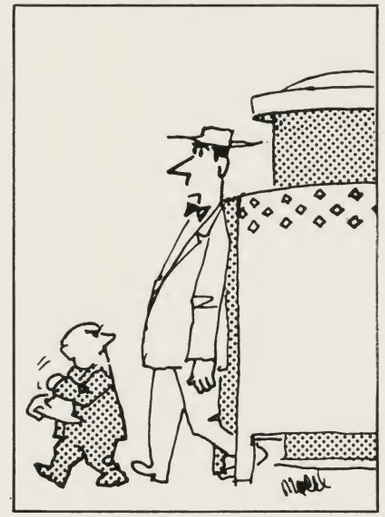
"Let's leave the final word up to him," suggested Smedley, and the others agreed.

"Hell," said the youth, "I think it's a hundred per cent fun and no work."

"Absurd!" sniffed Smithers. "How can you possibly justify that?"

"Simple," said the younger man. "Any work connected with it and you guys would have me doing it for you."

* * *



The great adagio team of Pépé and Juanita were working out on the wooden platform at Muscle Beach, giving the crowds a thrill. Pépé would throw Juanita higher and higher and always manage to catch her just in the nick of time, just before extensive damage could be done to various parts of her anatomy. Finally, in one last burst of energy, Pépé flung Juanita to the heavens while the bystanders gasped. This time, however, he misjudged the catch and Juanita came down on the platform in a split position with a thunk! that sounded above the roar of the nearby surf. Then she was silent.

"Juanita!" cried Pépé, in anguish. "Speak to me. Say something, my darling. Anything."

"Listen, you bum," she hissed through clenched teeth. "Just rock me a little and break the suction."

* * *

"She's such a horrible housekeeper I can't understand why my son ever brought her back from France!"

there's something about a FRENCH GIRL

that the American girls don't have. Maybe it's in her blood, or the climate of living in La Belle France that does it, but whatever

it is, it makes the Mademoiselle's moué more potent than a Kentucky charmer's kiss. Observe, Monsieur, the coquette so delightfully revealed on these pages. Is she not enticing? Is her smile not the sweetest, the most casually come-hither arrangement of the mouth imaginable?

Look as she sits on a bench overlooking the Seine; follow her to her apartment and up the stairs. Observe her piquant charm of body and the inviting twinkle in her eyes as she disrobes in the privacy of her bedroom on her en-

discovered what it is that makes her so irresistible? Wait, do not go through that doorway . . . Monsieur! Come back, Monsieur! Ah, c'est la vie, et c'est l'amour! Good luck, Monsieur . . . !

chantingly circular bed. Watch as she makes a moué in her bath, with her lovely lines now clad only in clinging bubbles. Enjoy the sight of her perfection as she luxuriates in the tub, letting the hot soapy water warm every inch of her to exciting incandescence. Ah, Monsieur, have you

"I fail to see what you're driving at," Fourier said, but his expression had changed from one of bland amusement to intense concentration, with his teeth clenching the silver cigarette holder.

"Charming, witty and intelligent she was—and a good listener, too," continued Jourdan. "But her personal life kept getting in the way of their relationship. On several occasions, Paul would complete a literary project and want to relax with his perfect mistress, but she would be out of town. Her explanation for her absence was always perfectly reasonable—an ailing grandmother. But the fact that she was not available became vexing. Paul thought that perhaps he was expecting too much, and tried to make it up to her with gifts—a beautiful watch and several other costly trinkets, but to no avail. Then they would fight, and she later would sit at the feet of her master, her head in his lap, and vow everlasting adoration. Then there would be more gifts. But there was one thing which Paul never noticed about her."

"Oh?" inquired Fourier.

"Paul was married, of course, to a charming, faithful and very loyal woman. We can safely assume that he still loved his wife. But his mistress had a knack of attributing every success in his career to her personal influence in his life, and every rejection, every failure, every unhappiness to his wife. She pleaded with him to leave his wife, for his own good. 'Can't you see?' she would say, 'She is destroying you. She has held you back all of these years—it was only after we met that success came your way!' And Paul believed her, and believed that she loved him for himself alone."

Again, Jourdan paused. Fourier's eyes bored into his. "And I suppose you'll tell me that he then left his wife," ventured the novelist.

"Yes, he did, And shortly after that, his work began to suffer. The better magazines refused more and more of his stories—and Paul discovered that his mistress was even less available than before. Soon her disappearances lasted for two or three weeks. After the initial hunger for her wore off, he settled back to work, and began producing significant fiction again. When sales picked up; the girl returned—and somehow she convinced him that her absences were due to *his* rejection of her. Result, more gifts. And he is totally unaware that all during this time he was sharing his 'perfect mistress' with at least one other."

"M. Jourdan," Fourier bridled, "your parables cease to be amusing. Can you prove what you are saying?"

"Please bear with me—I mean well. And have some more brandy."

Jourdan then turned his gaze on me, and repeated his question.

"The perfect mistress?" I replied. "I would say she must be as talented in the bedroom as the most accomplished courtesan and as understanding as a priest."

Jourdan smiled. "I see you have spent some time polishing your definition. May I tell you a story?"

"Proceed, Monsieur," I told him. "I am sure I will find it interesting. If you wish, you may also use the name *Marcel.*"

Jourdan saluted me with his eyes. "Marcel it will be. He was quite active in theatrical circles—a noted *entrepreneur,* as it were, not as a performer or in any other so-called creative capacity. By means of shrewd investment in a number of productions, he had amassed a considerable fortune. It is to his credit, however, that it was his love of the theatre and not purely commercial love of money which inspired his dabbling with the thespian arts. He was also quite noted for his love of women."

It was a succinct portrait, but it fit me. Substitute motion pictures for the legitimate stage and it fit me perfectly.

"It goes without saying," Jourdan continued, "that he was the willing target of scores of ambitious actresses. And then one day he met a woman who had no dramatic aspirations whatsoever."

Ah, what a woman was my Danielle! Blonde, beautiful, seemingly perfect. It was a pleasant relief to make love to a girl who wanted no favors in return—in fact, she declined when I offered her a part in a picture I had an interest in. (Jourdan had an apt analogy for that, too.)

When together, we spent most of our time in bed, for Danielle was truly accomplished in the arts of love. The string of aspiring actresses, of course, continued—but now only to fill the times when Danielle was absent from my side. Curiously, she too had an ailing grandmother. I thought perhaps she had another lover, but it didn't bother me; I had made no attempt to conceal my other conquests, so I felt she had a perfect right to a double life, too. The fact that she chose to keep it secret was more amusing than vexing.

Perhaps this is what I mean by understanding: each of us was free to lead his own life, but when our paths crossed as they frequently did in my bedroom, the collision was a symphony of abandon.

There seemed to be nothing Danielle did not know about sex, and as our relationship progressed she continually amazed me with new variations. She quickly learned my prejudices and preferences, and within that framework she devised a program of libidinous delights which often left me exhausted to the point of collapse, but always left me supremely satisfied. Afterwards we would talk.

This I always enjoy in a woman—and seldom find, I might add, in the grasping starlets who see my bed as but another step on the ladder of success—this ability to converse intelligently about the problems and ambitions which concern me during the day. Danielle understood, and her intuitive grasp of situations shaped many of my decisions during those months.

Still, I was puzzled that she should want nothing for herself. Jourdan, in his parable aimed at me, cleared that problem up in short order.

"Unknown to Marcel," he said, "the blonde had been sleeping with a number of other men in his circle of business acquaintances, and one in particular became so fed up with her pestiness that he tossed her out on her ear. Her sole motive for offering herself to Marcel was one of revenge. Marcel, as I said, was what is known as a theatrical 'angel', and if he could be led to withdraw his financial support from this man, the girl would have achieved her aim. Of course, she benefited socially by being known as Marcel's mistress, but that was secondary. Within three months she managed to sabotage the other's plans—and his career. Marcel, for following the girl's advice, lost not only a good friend but the

opportunity to make a great deal of money."

André Gireaux! That's what had happened, all right—and Danielle had done it! I had never known, until this moment, that my lovely mistress even knew the man, except by reputation. I had to admit that she accomplished her end very nicely, for all she ever related to me she attributed to friends of hers who worked for Gireaux. I made a mental note to apologize to André when next we met. But could I trust Henri Jourdan? Was he speaking the truth? What, I wondered, was his motive in calling us all together and telling his damning parables?

Jourdan turned next to Yves Soustel, who had won the *Grand Prix* two years ago with his daredevil driving. This time the story concerned a flier who had gained distinction by setting a new New York to Paris speed record. Soustel had answered Jourdan's question with: "She must be a flawless hostess, and yet content to spend hours—even days—in her own company alone." The blonde in the story proved herself so inept as a hostess that she permanently offended the man who had planned to help the flier build a new and better airplane to set more speed records—and then when the flier turned his back, made secret love to his mechanic. Threatened with exposure, the mechanic left the fliers' employ.

Soustel listened to the end of the tale, apparently reflecting upon how his career had been affected since he met his current mistress. There was also something about an ailing grandmother. When Jourdan had finished, Soustel sat silently, grinding the knuckles of his right hand into the palm of his left.

Jourdan turned to Etienne Duval, the television director.

"Spare me the details," Duval implored. "I know the story already. If what you have said so far this evening is true, I have been played for a first-class fool. Why does she do these things?"

"M. Duval," Jourdan answered smoothly, "I am but a story teller, not a psychiatrist. You, yourself, with your own ability to divine the true motivations of your characters, should be able to answer that."

Duval smiled ruefully. "Each man can see clearly everyone else's problems but his own." Duval whirled on Bertrand Philippe.

"Ask Philippe your question. I am sure we are all interested in his answer!" *(continued on page 44)*

FRENCH FRILLS *FORECAST*

"Monsieur! I did not know zat you were here, but as you are, let me invite you to see much more of me in ze next exciting issue of French Frills—le mag hot!"

FEATURED IN FRENCH FRILLS No. 3 WILL BE:

√THE SEX REPORT ON FRENCH GIRLS!
√Incident at Monte Carlo!
√SIN ON THE SEINE!

and many more features in the French fashion.

LEFT-BANK LOULETTE
DISCOVERS THE SWANK HOUSE
OF A RIGHT-BANK BANKER

french and Sexy

USED TO GETTING BY IN A TRENCHCOAT AND PAIR OF TIGHTS, LOULETTE NOW SEES SHE CAN GET MORE BY WEARING LESS. NO MORE GARRETS FOR THIS GIRL, SHE'S MOVING UP TO QUALITY.

HOWEVER, SHE INSISTS HER HEAD WON'T BE TURNED BY THE SWEET SELL OF SUCCESS.

rench french french french french french fren

HER BANKER BEAU IS OBVIOUSLY AN EXPERT ON FIGURES. LOULETTE HAS ALREADY LEARNED ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION FROM HIM.

Sexy Sexy Sexy

EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A MISTRESS

BUT ARE YOU MALE ENOUGH TO MASTER BOTH MISTRESS AND MISSUS ?

Article

By Jules Jackson

THE FRENCH have long had the most practical domestic arrangements known to man, and from such a civilized system the rest of the world can learn much about the pursuit of happiness.

To wit: the keeping of mistresses.

Every Frenchman worthy of the name, at one time or another, keeps a mistress. By this we don't necessarily mean that he *supports* his mistress; that depends upon his means and his inclinations. But, nonetheless, he keeps her. Whether or not he is already married.

And nobody objects, least of all the women involved.

Why not two wives, then? Ah, my friend, there is as big a difference between wives and mistresses as there is between husbands and lovers, or between night and day.

Wives are not necessarily more demanding, more shrewish, less glamorous, more prosaic and less fun than mistresses (after all, women are women no matter what their nomenclature) — they just seem to be. A man generally sees more of his wife than he does of his mistress, and his subconscious links his wife with the rest of his responsibilities. A great many men are afraid to relax at home. But in the apartment of one's mistress, a man can relax completely, ami-

Many a French wife feels insecure if her man *doesn't* have a mistress on the side.

cably and, when he desires it, amorously.

Mistresses, contrary to a large percentage of American opinion, do not exist solely to gratify a man's sex drives. A good mistress has the talent of being *interested* in her man's full range of comfort. It is possible to confide in one's mistress to a much greater extent than one would dare with one's own wife. It is possible to forget business *and* family responsibilities, and enjoy true self-indulgent recreation if you have an understanding mistress. Keeping a mistress provides a casual, civilized, *adult* rapport, mellowed with the flavor of real affection.

And it doesn't impinge upon the degree or quality of love one has for his wife and family. Frenchwomen, having been brought up in a culture which includes wives and mistresses as a normal part of life, realize this and accept it; to most American women, reared under slightly modified Puritan morality, the idea is untenable. No French wife would ever dream of suing for divorce on grounds that she had discovered that her husband was keeping a mistress.

Although most Frenchmen restrict themselves to one wife and

(Continued on next page)

one mistress, occasionally a man will indulge in the luxury of two or even three mistresses, with no noticeable ill effects. It depends upon your inclinations, needs, and capacity for women. Again, we are not speaking primarily of sexual capacity.

How does one go about acquiring a mistress? It depends upon where you are. In France, where everything is civilized and very little *sin* (French definition) exists, a man will select the girl and make a formal proposal. If she is willing, he arranges to provide certain things — like an apartment, an allowance, etc. If she is particularly young, he first takes his proposal to the girl's parents, stating his intentions fully, and showing proof that he can contribute adequately to her support and education. Then he approaches the girl. In many cases, her family will join him in convincing her that becoming his mistress is an intelligent and desirable thing to do. It is understood that when she no longer interests him, proper arrangements will be made to dissolve the relationship.

Such a course of action, naturally, is out of the question in modern America. Here, there is no formal procedure, and the acquisition of a mistress is a much more haphazard procedure, with the resultant relationship quite unsatisfactorily defined. When an American decides to make a girl his mistress, the decision is generally made while in bed with the wench, and is glossed over with an expressed desire to marry her eventually ("when the situaiton makes it possible"). *He* realizes, and probably she does, too, that he has no intention of ever marrying her, but they both pretend. She, being American, plots from that moment on to get him to legalize the relationship. If he's already married, she launches a campaign to make him so dissatisfied with his existing wife that he will divorce her to marry his mistress.

Such conduct on the part of a French mistress is not considered cricket and seldom happens. With American girls, it happens every day.

Obviously, something must be done to remedy the situation. Men need women — most men need at least a limited variety of women in order to function efficiently as men.

The ideal mistress is a happy mixture of sauciness and insoucience.

Our Gallic cousins have realized this for years.

First of all, American men (many of whom were once Boy Scouts and subscribed to the idea that a Scout is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean and Reverent) must learn to be expert dissemblers. In short, liars. This would seem to negate the first law, but with clever rationalization the word Trustworthy can be interpreted to mean that you can be trusted never to let your wife find out about your mistress and never to let your mistress contact your wife. Then, of course, you must be Loyal to each of them in your fashion, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous and Kind as a matter of course, Obedient to the needs of your nature, Cheerful under most circumstances, Thrifty (within reason — this is a wonderful virtue to develop in your women!), Brave, Clean (physically, at least), and Reverent towards the ideal of womanhood without allowing yourself to put any given woman on a pedestal.

It takes a lot more effort for an American to keep a mistress than a Frenchman has to put out. The French can be classified as *enjoyers,* while Americans are generally *doers,* which again is part of the American Way, so there's no trouble there. The intrigue and excitement which our culture forces upon any man who tries to keep two women can actualy be quite stimulating.

The old quatrain: *If the plural of mouses is mice/and the plural of louses is lice/Tell me this, if you will, in a trice: Would a man with two spouses have spice?* — applies equally well to one wife and one mistress, especially if he allows the twain to meet. Obviously, the secret of success is to keep them apart.

... Which is sometimes more easily said than done.

However, diligent application of your native intelligence can solve

(Continued on next page)

A double life can make you feel twice the man you are.

most problems in life — even this one. As in many other areas of human endeavor, foresight is far more precious than hindsight. Or, to express is even more tritely, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of pencillin. In short, borrow a maxim from the Boy Scouts and *Be Prepared.*

Seeing that you are *not* living in Paris, you're going to have to play it by ear all the way. The melody, however, will be stronger if you make yourself aware of some of the potential pitfalls of making some doll your mistress. For your convenience, we will now do our Scouting duty and be Helpful, Friendly, Courteous and Kind to *you* by listing said pitfalls — and how to avoid them:

1. Do not even in a spirit of fun suggest to your wife (if any) that you are entertaining the idea of keeping a mistress. Some wives, we realize, might ask you such questions as: "Like that Betty Smith down the block?" or "Are you considering maybe Tom Preston's slut of a niece?" In your enthusiasm you might consider such remarks as good leads, but acting upon such leads would be violating Rule Number Two:

2. Pick a doll totally unknown to your wife (if any) and other relatives. It may give you a feeling of power to see your wife and your mistress having tea together, but you owe it to your future happiness not to succumb to such temptation.

3. Do not pick anyone who is connected in any way with your business affairs. Women have a way of applying uncomfortable pressures in such cases, so leave your secretary alone.

4. Once you have met a glamorous potential mistress, get to know her a little better before proposing

such an arrangement. Observe her in action — try her out in bed, of course, but also try to draw her out in conversation. If you can easily get her to talk about people she knows, drop her like a hot potato. Rest assured that at some future time she would talk about *you* just as easily.

5. Don't fall into the trap of feeling that because you "have something on her" which could be damaging to her if you were to make it public that you're protected yourself from her. Generally, making such information public can be just as incriminating to *you*, as *somebody* is sure to ask how you happened across your evidence.

6. Don't let her know too much about yourself and your private affairs. Sometimes it is wise to establish an entirely new identity before shopping for a mistress.

THE ABOVE rules may seem a bit restrictive, but actually they aren't. Although you have discounted all contacts which might spring from your existing friends and business associates, you have opened up the entire rest of the world. In answer to your question, "Where do I go to look for such a girl?" we can only answer:

Do your hunting as you would if it were your first day in a strange town.

Generally, you won't find what you're looking for in cocktail lounges or other public places. If all you want is a casual lay, these spots are fine, but you'll do better if you start building a new circle of acquaintances from which to expand into boudoir action.

Do you have a hobby or other semi-cultural interest to which you have paid little or no attention during the past few years? Good. Seek out a club or other loosely organized group composed of people who share that interest. In a short time you will develop profitable associations within the group — relationships which will lead you eventually to several potential mistresses.

Above all, don't rush the process. Take your time, building your double life carefully. Keep your goal in mind, and at all times observe a strict line of demarkation between one life and the other.

If the foregoing outline of carefully planned deception is too complicated for your tastes, you have but one other alternative:

Move to Paris!

FABULOUS FRENCH FILLE:

Milène Demongeot

For those among us who have trouble handling the names of frames we handle with ease, pronunciation follows: My-lain De-mon-joe. This heavenly body is currently blazing across the screen like a meteor in slow motion in ***The Singer Not The Song.*** Meaning no offence to My-Lain: we might take her for a singer, but we'd rather take her for a song.

French critics agree that Milene is the cutest and curviest contender for Brigitte Bardot's crown of baby-faced sensuality.

Philippe spread his hands. "What can I say? Of course I have an answer. To me, the perfect mistress must be patient and forgiving above all else. And reasonably loyal. Apparently Danielle is none of these things."

As if an electric shock had passed through the room, all motion ceased. For the first time, Danielle had been named. It could *not* be coincidence.

"Gentlemen," Jourdan interspersed, before the situation could grow out of hand, "there is one more story which I must tell, and I shall make it brief, as the hour is late. Once, in Marsielles, a man whom we shall call Henri for convenience, married a charming and witty girl, after a brief courtship. He, like all of us here, had gained a measure of success, and was well known in certain circles throughout France. But she extracted a promise from him, that until her 25th birthday he would keep their marriage a secret, on account of the terms of some mysterious inheritance from her grandmother."

Jourdan paused, and looked around the room.

"Henri discovered on their wedding night that she was cold and unresponsive—inept, as it were. He set about teaching her all that he knew. She learned techniques that she had never even imagined before."

Oh? I thought. *Then Jourdan's impotence was a lie, too.*

"Her grandmother, it seemed, was still alive, but a crochety, demanding old woman. From time to time the girl found it necessary to absent herself from the marriage bed in order to visit her venerable ancestor. Henri objected mildly, but consented to the trips. The girl refused to introduce her husband to the grandmother and in time Henri became suspicious. He had her followed. Of course, there was no grandmother. She went directly to the chalet of one of France's most respected literary figures. Upon her return, of course, Henri demanded a divorce, because the one trait he cannot stand is dishonesty. She refused to give him one—and he, being a gentleman, did not wish to drag through the gutters the name of a man whom he respected. So he gave her some money and sent her to Paris, warning her that if she ever bothered him again he would destroy her completely. I believe that under the circumstances he did the right thing, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Yes," agreed Fourier slowly, "if the circumstances were indeed as you have related them."

"They are, believe me."

"Then thank, you, Monsieur, for not creating a public scandal."

Gallet spoke up at this point. "I knew she had been your wife, but she told me she divorced you."

"There was never any divorce. And have no fear—I hold none of you responsible." Jourdan consulted his watch. "It is late; anyone who wishes to leave now may do so, through the rear exit. The lady in question should be here at any moment."

"You're bringing her here?" protested Duval. "Why?"

"I have my reasons. Do you wish to leave?"

"It might be wiser..." But instead of leaving, Duval sat back and lit a cigarette.

A boy in the hotel uniform entered and whispered something to Jourdan. "Send her in," Henri replied, then turned to his guests. "She's here. There is still time for you to leave."

Seven men sat motionless in the room; seven pairs of eyes focused steadily on the closed door. It opened, and a stunning blonde entered—yes, it was my Danielle, my wonderful Danielle. She was also every one else's wonderful Danielle. She glanced about the room uncomprehendingly.

Her face was a mask when she saw Fourier, then puzzled as she recognized me, frightened when she saw Gallet, angry when her gaze encompassed Soustel and Philippe. "What is this?" she demanded angrily.

"Gentlemen," said Henri Jourdan, "allow me to present Danielle DuChamps—or, more properly, Mme. Danielle Jourdan, my wife." He smiled engagingly at the blonde.

Danielle was boiling by now. "You pig!" she spat.

Jourdan's smile remained unruffled. "Cherie," he added, "I told you I would destroy you, and I can think of no more fitting time than now, on our second anniversary."

Very quietly, as the girl's face colored with embarrassment, Henri Jourdan began to laugh. Danielle stood absolutely still, as if in shock, as the laughter spread from one man to another. Gradually it died away, to be replaced by an uncomfortable silence—a silence which Danielle filled most devastatingly with the seven words: "But Henri, you really had no choice."

Jourdan looked at her for a long moment before answering, and when he did respond, his voice was as quiet as hers. "You are trying to say that you pulled the strings on this, too—that you made me destroy you. I suppose you are right. Your very existence made me do it."

"Does a man who has lost his manhood have the power to destroy anything?" she taunted.

At one time, her words would have stung, and she would have won the game; but not now. Every man in the room could finally see her for what she was, and I think we all felt sorry for her, and for the demon within her which forced her to perform this symbolic castration of every man she met. Henri Jourdan had lost a reputation—Louis Gallet lost the opportunity to participate in one of the greatest geographical triumphs of the century—Jacques Fourier was now without a wife—I had lost a good friend and had unwittingly ruined a business associate—Yves Soustel lost not only his best mechanic but the support of France's wealthiest racing enthusiast—Duval and Philippe had obviously suffered equivalent setbacks.

Danielle's motives now were plain to all of us, and no amount of forensics on her part could re-kindle the love and respect we once felt for her. She sensed it as she looked from face to face. There were tears in her eyes as she turned and fled the room, the taste of ashes exceedingly bitter in her mouth.

Goodbye, Danielle, I thought. There was relief in the realization that I should never be troubled by my wonderful Danielle again, but I must admit that I experienced a small sense of loss, too—Danielle had been very, very good in bed. I realized with a start that I owed even this to Henri Jourdan.

And I heard his voice loud in the room. "Join me in a toast, will you, my fellow ex-eunuchs? I drink to the restoration of our manhood, to Liberty, Equality and Fraternity!"

Seven glasses clinked in brotherhood.

● ● ●

THE INSIDE STORY OF WHAT REALLY HAPPENS IN THOSE SECLUDED CHALETS

OFF THE RIVIERA

FRENCH FRILLS BRINGS YOU A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF COUNTLESS CHALETS WHERE A MAN AND HIS MAID PREFER GAMBOLING TO GAMBLING...

Most of us are familiar with what goes on in the casinos and on the beaches ***on*** the French Riviera—but only rarely are we permitted a look at what takes place ***off*** the Riviera, in the thousands of secluded bungalows dotting the area. FRENCH FRILLS hereby attempts not to rip the curtain of sensual seclusion completely, but to delicately lift one corner of it. Here we see Armand, with the tradition of La Belle France coursing hotly through his veins. Also, there is Jeannine, once a shop-girl, currently Armand's most delightful paramour. Armand loves the sultry Jeannine for her mind, her body, and her smouldering personality. Jeannine, in turn, loves Armand—for his mind, his body, and his

money. Love is a minor consideration both on and off the Riviera. French girls are among the most cold-blooded, hard headed women in the world, and can be warmed only with the right combination of man plus circumstances. Instead of detracting from the romantic atmosphere, this realistic attitude prevents them from walking out as an American girl would when she "falls out of love." But yes, true love exists, too, but it is based upon something far more durable than a palpitating heart. Both Armand and Jeannine are supremely happy together, sharing their friendship and their frankly sensual enjoyment of each other. All we have to append is: ***vive la Parisienne,*** especially when she's off the Riviera!

• • •

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